The Welch Traveller:

OR,

The Unfortunate *WELCHMAN*:

If any Gentleman do want a Man,
As I doubt not but ſome do now and than.
I have a Welchman *though but meanly clad,*
Will make him merry, be he nere ſo ſad:
If that you read, read it quite ore I pray,
And you'l not think your penny caſt away.

By Humphry Crouch.

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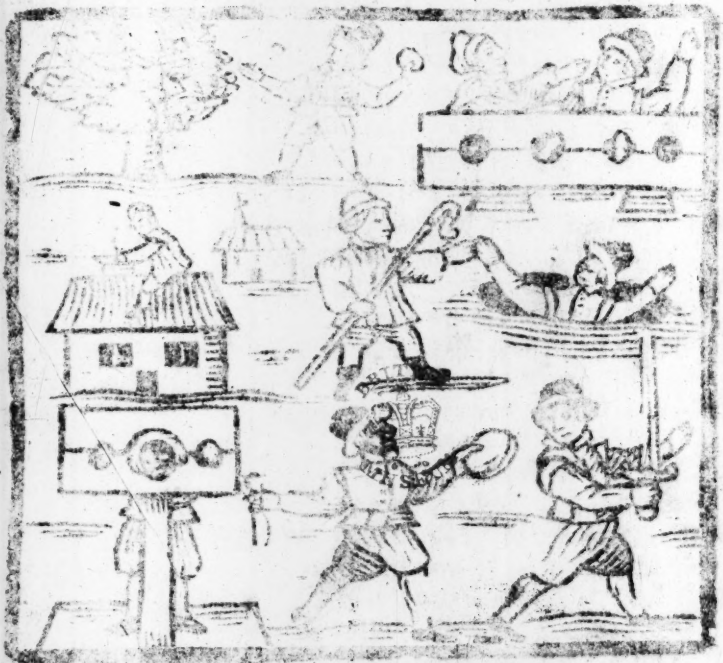

The Welch Traveller.

IN this Dull age to recreate
the minds of friends and strangers,
Her tell her of her evil Fate,
and her unlookt for dangers:
Was travel over mountains high
and in the vallies low,
Was see great wonders in the skie
that others little know:
Her was a welch Astrologer,
was tell of matters strange:
So deep was learn'd was tell to her
how oft the Moon doth change,
Was tell her of a Shepherds star,
of wonders old and new,
If her have peace, her have no war,
all this her prove is true.
Was tell her too in loving words
things shall be as before, (words
When English men lay down their
and mean to fight no more:
But all these things her will pass by
as matters light and small,
Her knows not her own destiny,
and that's the worst of all:
For as her gazed on the skie,

for want of better wit;
Poor affe fell immediately
into a great deep pit:
Had not a Shepherd stood his friend
and helpt her quickly out,
Her surely there had made an end,
her makes no other doubt:
Her gave her thanks, the Shepherd then
spake to her when 'twas meet,
Bid her and other such like men
look better to her feet.
No more Astrologer I pray,
was glad her life was sav'd,
Her soberly walkt on her way
and food was all her crav'd.
O her was hungry and cold,
her strength began to fail,
Her had no silver nor no gold,
he tells her what her ail:
Her sold her lowsie sherkin then,
but one poor groat was given,
Oh her was then a shentleman,
her thought her was in heaven:
For her had mony for to buy
victual for one meal,
That her might not for hunger die
nor yet be forced to steal.
Into an Ale-house went he streight
here an old wife did live,
Who sold then at too dear a rate
and had nothing to give.
Her sate her down and call'd for meat,

her

her Hostis brought her eggs
Had chickens in them, O base shade
these chickens they had leggs.
Her chikens and her eggs did stink,
her could no longer stay,
Had they been living sure her think
they would have run away.
Her best eggs that were in her dish
that had no chicks were rotten,
And then she brought her stinking fish
which her not forgotten.
Her cast her eggs her fish and all
into her hostis face,
And then to spewing her did fall,
was in a piteous case.
Her hostis cryed out piteously
and called her son in Law,
Who beat poor Taffie piteously
the like her never saw,
Those heavy blows her still doth feel
was laid on her alas,
As if her body had been steel
and bones were made of brass.
The cruel blows did her receive
from that hard-hearted elfe,
Was tell her if her give her leave,
made her bewray her self:
Was tell her how her self was freed,
was fain to use her wit,
With all dexterity and speed
was went her was beshit.
Was put her hands into her breeks

and pul'd from off her thighs
A thing was made of cheese and leeks,
and cast it in her eyes :
Her son was blind, her mother blind,
no boot for her to stay,
Her left a filthy stink behind,
and so her run away,
Was glad was gone from them two (evils
from son and the old bag,
In midst of all those woful evils
there's none had cause to brag.
My bones did ake, their eyes did smart,
and such a stink was there,
Which men could not with all their art
make sweet in half a year :
But now her knows not what to do
her hunger to suffice.
At length with walking to and fro
an apple-tree espies,
The apples did so lovly look,
did move her unto laughter,
No delaies could her brook
Her chops so much did water :
Up in the tree her gets,
the owner came anon.
Made her almost beside her wits,
a cruel fight began :
The man at her did throw great stones.
and her did apples cast,
The stones dit so bethumb her bones
that down her fell at last.
When her was down, mark what befell
by

her hostis and her son, (well
Came running when their eyes were
beholding what was done:
He took her up was almost dead,
they laughed out amain,
They cuffed her, and thus they said,
was hope her had been slain.
They counsel took and did agree,
more mischief did befall,
They said they'd hang her on a tree
and I must pay for all:
To escape from this ungodly train
it was her chief desire,
Her cried out with might and main
your houses are on fire:
A gallant trick it was of mine
for to escape her foes.
A man a singeing of a Swine
from whence the smoak arose:
They run with speed to quench the fire
that never was begun,
And glad was her they did retire
that her away might run:
Ober hill and ober dale
till her was almost spent,
At last her legs began to fail
which wrought her discontent.
And then into a hedge her crept,
thinking to take a nap,
And then her sate her down and wept,
lamenting her mishap:
At last a handsome man came by,

with him a pretty Lass,
These Lovers did not her espy
But set them on the grass.
Ye to this Maid a King did glide
which she did well except:
And with a kiss did her relieve,
and close unto her crept.
This ring it seems did prove too wide,
which gallantly did shine,
From off her finger it did slide,
and so at last was mine.
This King her much did think upon,
they minded more their play,
So when these Lovers they were gone
her found it where it lay:
Her put it up into her poke
away her went amain,
For why her was afraid those folks
would quick return again.
Now her had got a gay gold King
her know not where to hide,
It was fine brave and gallant thing
was puff her up with pride.
But fortune often plays the Jade,
she's seldome constant known,
For why at last her was betray'd
her could not keep her own:
For going through a town got wot
amongst some ill-bred Curs,
Her shewed it to a cheating trot
who said the King was hers.
Cuts plutteranails was tell a lie,

her

hee found it as hee went:
But she used such extremity,
which wrought her discontent.
Before a Justice brought her then,
and there her kept such stirs,
The Justice said before all men
that sure the King was hers:
Her called the Justice great Boobee,
then her receiv'd some knocks
The Justice made no more ado
but sent her to the stocks:
The boyes did jear her to her face,
and call'd her thief and knave,
O was it not a great disgrace
that boyes should her out-brave. (pass,
Now her hath mark'd what hath been
now mark but this one thing,
The man and maid came by at last,
that lost this gay gold ring:
How glad was her then in the end,
though her was but a thief. (friend,
Her hop'd that her would stand her
to ease her of her grief:
Hoe shentleman, her pray her stay,
and likewise her fair maid,
Did not her lose her ring to day,
regard her what her said?
They wonder'd how he came to know
how she should lose the ring,
Nor did they know what they should do
for to regain this thing. (they,
Have you any King kind man quoth

tell

tell us if that you took it?
Her had the King as her may say,
but now her may go look it:
A woman cheated her of it,
her kept such grievous stirs,
For want of honesty or wit,
her justice said 'twas hers.
And can you tell where he doth dwell
that wrought us this despight,
For oft her knows her lives in hell
she's such a wicked wight.
A little boy now standing by
told them where he did live,
The author of their villany
a groat to him they give.
Unto this woman's house they go
before a justice bring her,
Where she was cast with much ado,
and in the stocks they flung her:
Now Taffie had his hearts desire,
he had her company,
But when he did begin to jeer
she in his face did flie,
She clawd him so with her nails
she made him almost mad,
He was not used so in Wales
his luck was then so bad:
Howsoever as I understand
to sad to his disgrace,
The Queen she pulled in her hand
and cast it in her face,
Cuts plutteranails he shew her heart.

was

was scurvey Queane and whore,
His scratched face did now so smart
which made him cry and rear:
Too soon I wisht her here quoth he,
but now I wish her further,
Or that from her I might be free
for fear she should me murther.
The company that stood about
did laugh at him a good.
And very friendly help't him out
because he pleased the mood:
Now glad was he that out did get,
and left this foe behind.
After they two so long had fight,
and found the people kind:
His scratched face did vex him now,
he thought upon this thing,
But not so much I tell you true
as loss of this gold Ring;
He did not know then what to do
or where to lye that night,
He wandreth now to and fro
and kept from peoples sight,
At last unto a house he came,
the people absent were,
No man, no master, maid nor dame,
and so he entred there:
Unto the smoakloft climb'd he then,
and to the Bacon crept,
Now Taffie is a jovial man,
his heart within him leapt,
He cut the Bacon which was raw,

no

no bread at all did eat
Resolv'd to fill his hungry maw,
he lustily did feed.
He fill'd his pockets too besides
might serve him for to morrow,
He knew he must not there abide
'twas but the fruits of sorrow.
But at the length the maid came in
then he could not get out,
To study now he doth begin
to bring this thing about.
At length he was resolv'd to stay
all night untill the morrow,
For fear they two should have a fray
which might increase his sorrow,
Well now the lusty Plowmen came
to feed and to carouse;
As for the Master and the Dame,
they supt at the next house.
When the Plowmen well had fed,
to bed they took their way,
For I have often heard it said
they rise by break of day,
But time brings all things to an end,
now home the woman came,
With her her husband, her best friend
who was a Cock o'th game.
They wisht the Maid to go to bed,
she need not be intreated,
Whilst Taffie on the Bacon fed
and bravely he was seated:
For he upon the saddle sate,

unknown

unknown unseen of all,
All bedabb'd with Bacon fat,
not dreaming he should fall. (feet,
They warm'd their leggs and eke their
the man now wanton grows,
For why he thought it not unmeet
to play with his wives toes.
Thou hast a pretty foot quoth he
a handsome leg besides,
A soft plump thigh, a fair white knee
which I have nigh espi'd.
Now Taffie had a great desire
to play the sawcy Jack,
He peepeth down and fell i'th fire,
the saddle on his back,
I'le bring your saddle home he cry'd
I borrow'd of your maid,
The man and woman stept aside,
for they were sore afraid:
They cried out most piteously
their case was then so evil,
Hoe Cob hoe Rob, rise speedily
and help to kill the Devil:
So when the Plowmen did awake
the best was but a Clown,
They each of them a Cudgel take
and knock poor Taffie down;
They threw him in the fire again,
who was but new crept out;
They said they had the Devil slain
even by their valour stout.
His Bacon fried in his poke

which

which moved them to laughter
Whilst he lay broiling in the smoak
and curst them ever after:
He tumbled out and thus did say,
I take these things in snuff,
Pray give me leave to go my way
has punishment enough.
The good man quickly did agree
and feared him with his whimsey
Pray if you come again quoth he,
friend comenot down my Chimney.
The night was cold and dark got wot,
no star was in the skie,
But as for Taffie he was hot
you know the reason why.
He was afraid of every Dogg
when he was out of town,
Almost as naked as a frog
with grief he sate him down,
Upon a bed of Nettles there
which stung him grievously:
What with pain, with grief and care,
he wished he might die.
He all in darkness travelled,
his nettled flesh did smart,
His blistered feet were gravelled
which grieved him to the heart,
Yet he was musing in his mind
what house to go to rest.
Where he might some provision find
for nothing more perplext.
Though he had Bacon in his poke

might

might yield him some relief.
Yet Taffie I have heard it spoke
was bred and born a thief:
When her saw people work and toyl
her Shentleman was born;
What was her think, her horse or mule,
her work no, think it scorn.
By this time it was break of day
and he a Warn espied,
He to this Warn did take his way
his nakedness to hide:
He had not been there half an hour
or hardly sate him down,
But Gypsies came in number four
who came from Guilford town:
They took poor Taffie for a spright
and stood upon their guard,
They were prepared with him to fight
which when they saw and heard,
He cried out her was a man
though by misfortune crost,
That her did swear by good Saint Nan
her wits was almost lost;
Her told her all her travels great,
and her misfortunes many,
How oft her have been kickt and beat
no comfort had from any:
And all because her would not work
but lead an idle life,
And up and down the Country lurk
as cause of all her strife.
Kind friend, quoth they, you shall be one

of

of our fraternity.
Our secrets to you shall be known
and we'll live happily.
We live as you do easily,
but have our wits about us;
We never suffer'd injury
nor give them cause to flout us.
I am your servant and your friend,
poor Taffie then replied,
I hope my grief is at an end
if I with you abide:
The first design we'll set upon
if you'l our secrets keep,
Shall be for ought we know anon
when people are asleep:
And what is that quoth Taffie then?
I do desire to know,
You look like good plain dealing men,
what is it I must do?
Nothing but rob a house quoth they
of Bacon we tell you:
Quoth he I was in such a fray,
here's some, I pray fall too:
He pull'd a piece out of his poke,
The Bacon it was warm,
Quoth he this was in fire and smoke
but I had all the harm:
He shew'd his burned back and side
his hands and eke his face,
They laughed at his burned side
which he took in disgrace.
They eat the Bacon greedily,

but

but they found bread and drink:
They praised it exceedingly,
although the same did stink:
Well now themselves to sleep they lay
no dangers them affright,
Most commonly they sleep all day
and do their work by night.
They all concluded at the last
a rope should him befriend,
That when their dangers it was past
it might be Taffies end.
This practice wile men will observe
a subtill villany, (starve
Some are not though their country
so they may gain thereby:
Taffie quoth they your office mind,
we'll let you down the chimney
With this same rope, and you shall find
'twill be a gallant whimsey
When thou art down the Bacon bind
with this same rope we give you,
And we to you will then be kind,
and with the same relieve you:
When this is done observe us then,
we straight then up will hale you,
And you do think us honest men
think not that we will fail you;
They let him down, to work he falls,
the Bacon straight doth bind,
The Gypsies up the Bacon hale,
and leave the fool behind.
Taffie we thanks thee for our swine,

we can no longer ſtay,
The Bacons ours the halters thine,
make haſte and get away.
They caſt their halters on his head
and calld him fooliſh elf,
And with the Bacon ſtreight they fled,
and bid him hang himſelf:
Same take you all, was ſerve her ſo,
her beſt daies now are gone
Now out alas what ſhall her do,
her now was quite undone;
Was find her heart to hang her ſelf,
was take her for a thef:
More miſery her muſt endure
and ſo add griefe to griefe:
Or elſe was broil her on the coles,
as her once did before:
The world is full of knaves and fools,
O there was never more!
Her will ſtand here, let what will come,
out-face the worſt of evil,
Her will not ſpeak, her being dumb
was take her for the Devill.
Was all bedawb'd her ſelf with crock,
was warrant her will ſcare her,
And ſtand as ſtill as any ſtock
no matter though her jear her:
Taffie now doth dominéer
with face as black as hell;
Her means to put them all in fear,
who in the houſe do dwell,
Now down into the houſe her comes

unto

unto the Cubbard goes,
The bread and butter so bethumbs
at last the maid arose,
Beholding there his ugly face
she cried out amain,
She runs up stairs in little space
for fear she should be slain,
Master quoth she, O save my life!
in such a fear he put her,
The Devils below with his long knife
cutting of bread and butter:
What art thou mad quoth he, my wench,
or art thou in a dream?
He took a sword lay on a Bench,
and down at length he came:
The good wife cried out amain,
heaven keep us from all evil,
Good husband come to bed again
will you fight with the Devil?
I prethee wife let me alone,
the man did thus reply,
If that this Devil be not gone
my manhood I will try:
But when he came the Devil to eye
he looked wondrous pale,
His manhood then he durst not try,
his courage now doth fail,
The man afraid, the Devil afraid,
stood gazing on each other:
At last the good wife and the maid
call'd down the good mans brother:
Brother lend me your sword quoth he,

and I'le lend you my aid,
But when he came this Devil to ſee
he was as much afraid:
When Taffie ſee them all amaz'd
he ſtoutly marcht away,
Upon each other then they gaz'd
and knew not what to ſay:
They dined well mark what enſued,
when as they came to ſup
They miſt the Bacon and conclude
The Devil had eat it up.
Now Taffie is a luſty blade,
poſſeſſed with ſtrange fits
Made all the children ſore afraid,
almoſt beſide her wits:
The children hiding places ſought
he put them in ſuch fear,
Leſt Taffie who the Devil was thought
would them in pieces tear.
They durſt not go to ſchool by day
nor reſt in beds at nights,
For fear he ſhould fetch them away,
he put them in ſuch frights.
The women at this matter frown,
and they conclude with ſpeed
To beat the Devil out of town
that did this miſchief breed:
With ſhovels, ſpades, ſtaves, and ſtones
they beat poor Taffie ſo,
That they had almoſt broke his bones
ſuch cruelty they ſhow,
Upon his hands and feet he creeps,

to

to shew that he was almost lam'd
And then he lets him down and weeps
his courage now is tam'd:
Unto a Church at last goes he,
to hide him out of sight,
So then he thought he should be free
from all their hate and spight.
Within a Pew he closly lay,
all night untill the morrow,
Untill the Sexton came, they say,
which did increase his sorrow,
Taffie peept out with his black snout
which made him sore afraid.
He like a mad man run about
and call'd aloud for aid:
Two hundred armed men he brought
the Church encompast round,
And for this Devil there they sought,
and him at length they found:
Art thou the Devil quoth they that dost
scare all our children so?
Or art thou some disturbed Ghost
that wandreth to and fro?
No, her was Taffie, was a man,
of flesh and blood and bone,
Was not believe her, feel her then,
or else let her alone,
Thou art a counterfeit quoth they
a false dissembling knave,
Come Gentlemen bring him away
he his reward may have,
Two hundred men to guard him then

with

with Mulquets, Pikes and Swords,
And they were not the meaneſt men
the country then affords.
Taffe long time with them did trudge,
his heart was wondrous ſad,
They brought him then before the judge
where he his judgement had:
He was to ſtand in the Pillory
for four long hours or more,
That all the children might him ſpy
that he had ſcar'd before.
A many then againſt him came
running with all ſpeed
And their Indictments thus they frame
if you pleaſe them to read.
Will you hear more, in time you may,
my pen's at your commanding,
I have no more as yet to ſay,
for there I left him ſtanding.

FINIS.

6 0062

Inprimis, for troubling the Shepherd to help him out of the pit.

Item, for selling the lowsie Jerken for a groat, which was borrowed of his Country man Pinken.

Item, for casting stinking fish and rotten eggs into his Hostis face.

Item, for casting dung in his Hostis sons face.

Item, for casting Apples at the Country man from the tree, when he had the worst himself.

Item, for going away with the gold Ring.

Item, for calling the justice Boobee.

Item, for sitting in the stocks with an old woman.

Item, for creeping up into the smoak-loft, and then falling down into the fire with a packsaddle at his back.

Item, for acting the Devils part, when he put all the house into a bodily fear.

Item, for scaring all the children in the town.

Item, for scaring the Sexton in the Church, for which loose behaviour he was adjudged to stand in the Pillory, where I leave him till the next mad prank he shall play.